THE
NATION

OCTOBER 14, 1961 . . 25c

THE SPACE GIVEAWAY

Who Will Own the Communications Satellites?

Dallas W. Smythe

THE CASE of GEN. WALKER

John J. Lindsay

WHO WILL BURY WHOM?

Mordecai Roshwald

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Slow Race for Peace

Dear Sirs: Speaking to the General Assembly on September 25, President Kennedy said: "The weapons of war must be abolished before they abolish us." He said: "Let us call a truce to terror. Let us invoke the blessings of peace.... It is therefore our intention to challenge the Soviet Union, not to an arms race but a peace race...."

As evidence of the sincerity of this determination, President Kennedy declared that: "We in the United States have labored this year, with a new urgency, and with a new, now-statutory agency fully endorsed by the Congress, to find an approach to disarmament which would be so far reaching yet realistic, so mutually balanced and beneficial, that it could be accepted by every nation."

This "new, now-statutory agency"—given broad powers to correlate and plan for all the economic, political and technical problems involved with a shift from war-planning to peace-planning—was requested by President Kennedy in a bill sent to Congress on June 29 of this year. So great was the opposition in the House to even the *word* "disarmament" that the bill just squeaked through on Saturday, September 23, that is, just in time so that the President could refer to it in his address; not, however, in time for him to sign it! In the House, fifty-one voted against it.

Moreover, the budget for this new agency for its first year of operation is $10,000,000. With his most recent supplemental requests, President Kennedy's budget for military expenditures for the same year reached $47,506,113,000. So there it is. Ten *millions* to plan for peace. Forty-seven and a half *billions* to plan for war. When these figures are reversed, *then* we can all take the President's "peace race" seriously.

New York City HELEN MEARS

'Fair Is Fair'

Dear Sirs: Referring to your editorials, "The Sledgehammer" and "Now What?" in your September 16 issue:

(1) I do not think that any kind of analogy between the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939 and the Soviet resumption of nuclear testing is pertinent;

(2) You omitted the fact that it was the Russians who unilaterally ceased testing a couple of years ago and who forced—by example—the United States and Britain to cease testing.

I am, as is *The Nation,* opposed to nuclear testing or use of nuclear weapons; for that matter, I am opposed to war in any guise, by any nation. But, fair is fair. SIDNEY ROSENBLATT

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Praising Cain

Dear Sirs: In your issue of September 9, in the article entitled "The Legion Invades a Campus," Edward R. Cain asks in the end: "Who will circulate the next petition here? Probably me, but who will sign it?"

To which I want to answer: "I don't know; but you are the kind of professor to whom I'd like to send my kids to school. And thank you for being!"

Salem, Ore. W. H. OLDENBURG

Dear Sirs: I read with much interest "The Legion Invades a Campus."

It is a strange organization indeed that feels the need for embarrassing an individual who is merely asserting his rights—especially when these are the rights and freedoms for which the organization supposedly stands. It is a misguided "Americanism" that is apparent in both the HUAC and the American Legion.

PATRICIA O'LEARY

Brockport, N.Y.

Protest by Boycott

Dear Sirs: A few of us here in the suburbs decided recently that we had to do something in response to the cataclysmic events which have followed upon the Russian renewal of testing and we have been sending the following letter to public figures and private citizens both here and abroad. Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in doing likewise. Additional copies of the basic text can be obtained by writing either to Margaret Halsey, 113 Ralph Ave., White Plains, N.Y. or to Richard B. Fisher, 128 Soundview Avenue, White Plains, New York.

Here is the letter [somewhat shortened —Ed.]:

Dear Friend: We must dramatize our helplessness.

If a sense of paralysis and despair has overtaken you in the face of the ever more rapid drift toward nuclear war, here is a suggestion for a symbolic yet effective protest. The idea is your own personal consumer boycott.

Through this graphic gesture, you and I and thousands of others can make ourselves heard and, at the same time, remind ourselves daily of our essential dignity as human beings.

Beginning today, and for *one month* thereafter, you and your family would

¶ Sundays: *Not* drive your car.
¶ Mondays: Go *without* cigarettes.
¶ Tuesdays: Go *without* meat.
¶ Wednesdays: Go *without* alcoholic beverages.
¶ Thursdays: Go *without* newspapers.
¶ Fridays: See *no* movies or TV.
¶ Saturdays: Answer the phone, but make *no* phone calls.

Tell people what you are doing and why.

Let us show that we can get along without consumer goods, if we have to, in order to dramatize the most important protest we will ever be called upon to make. MARGARET HALSEY

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

237 ●

ARTICLES

240 ● Decay of de Gaulle
by ALEXANDER WERTH

242 ● The Space Giveaway: Who Will Own Communications Satellites?
by DALLAS W. SMYTHE

245 ● The Case of General Walker
by JOHN J. LINDSAY

248 ● Who Will Bury Whom?
by MORDECAI ROSHWALD

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

250 ● The Sovereign State of Poverty
by ROBERT HATCH

251 ● Poets of the Given Ground
by DENISE LEVERTOV

253 ● Portrait of Lady Gregory
by KEVIN SULLIVAN

254 ● Theatre
by ROBERT HATCH

254 ● Suspension (poem)
by PAUL BLACKBURN

255 ● The Buckeye (poem)
by WENDELL BERRY

256 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 256)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Oct. 14, 1961. Vol. 193, No. 12

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1961 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be interested in de Gaulle's suggestion of a "properly Algerian force" of 50,000 men who would supervise the self-determination referendum, how this could be done in view of the tremendous opposition of the Europeans in Algeria, as well as the majority of the French Army there, is unclear.

All of this busy stirring up followed de Gaulle's return from his trip to the South of France, which he managed to complete without being blown up by any of those OAS hooligans.

That four-day trip in the Aveyron, Lozère and Ardèche departments—that "most disinherited," agriculturally most backward and underpopulated part of France—was, indeed, an odd spectacle. De Gaulle looked upon this (inevitably dangerous) trip as something of a test of his continued popularity in the country. Perhaps he convinced himself that he is still popular. In numerous places the instructions given by various labor and agricultural associations to boycott him were ignored; he can still draw a crowd, if only because crowds like to see VIPs with their own eyes.

Farmers have sharp grievances; the working class is grumbling; university students are disgruntled, what with so much money pouring into Algeria and so little into schools and universities; and now even the "parties" are becoming troublesome, with Parliament threatening to overthrow the Debré Government. The cynics now say that if de Gaulle decided, rather suddenly, to call off his "dictatorial" powers under Article XVI of the Constitution, it would be only in order to enable Debré to threaten the National Assembly with dissolution—the last thing the extremely highly paid deputies of the Fifth Republic would *really* welcome. How many would come back if there were a new election?

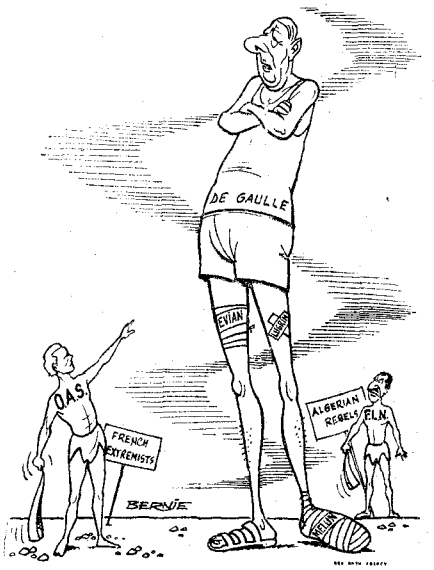
CURIOUS country, France. Something *seems* to be on the move; but is it? At heart, nobody believes in an atomic war, as they believed in Hitler's war back in the fair summer of '39; nobody, *really* nobody, wants to die for two million West Berliners; nobody believes that "Khrushchev is Hitler." Perhaps to understand the "real" France, one has to see the French during their summer vacation with their millions of cars—on the face of it, they couldn't care less about anything. No enthusiasm for de Gaulle; but, at the same time, a full realization that there'd be chaos—or a worse-than-Franco regime—if, next time, "they" succeeded in killing him.

In 1958 there were some genuine hopes that de Gaulle would put an end to the Algerian War. Now nobody knows what's happening—least of all, perhaps, de Gaulle's own ministers, who are herded into his press conferences to get an inkling of what he is really thinking! Occasionally, he brings out a new idea, which his Cabinet finds quite bewildering. Thus, the able Minister for Algerian Affairs, Louis Joxe, had been negotiating with the Algerians on the basis that on no account could the Algerians claim sovereignty over the Sahara; suddenly de Gaulle states that he couldn't care less whether the Sahara (with its oil) was under Algerian sovereignty or not. And then he changes his mind again.

Meantime, the situation in Algeria is becoming more and more chaotic. De Gaulle keeps on painting idyllic pictures of the happy coexistence of the two communities; he keeps on repeating that "we must put an end to the Algerian Affair"—but how, nobody knows. All the time there are growing signs of mass violence, such as the horrible lynchings of Moslems in cities like Oran, Bone and Constantine; there are countless rumors of a mass rising of the Moslem urban population; the state of insecurity has become such that more and more Europeans are trying to get away to France. At the same time, as against de Gaulle's vision of a peaceful "Algerian Algeria" in which the sufferings of the past years will soon be forgotten, there remain his earlier hints at "regroupment" and "partition," so even many of the most frightened Europeans do not know whether to go or to stay.

On the other hand, Europeans in a fighting mood are becoming more and more won over by the OAS, which still screams about "French Algeria" but has now clearly come to the conclusion that there can be

David vs. "Gaulliath"



Bernie: Les Ecoutes

"Another David against me?"

no "French Algeria" unless metropolitan France is roped in. And to achieve this, it is essential to assassinate de Gaulle. The activities of the OAS *plastiqueurs* have taken on such proportions in Algerian cities that General Ailleret had to issue the unprecedented order to treat European terrorists on exactly the same footing as Moslem terrorists.

But General Ailleret is just one general among many—and what many other generals think may be safely guessed in the light of the extremely ambiguous stand they took during the Challe *putsch* last April.

Meanwhile, inside Algeria, in the midst of all the bloodshed and insecurity, economic development has practically come to a standstill: with all the vague talk of "pulling out," or of partitioning the country, no private investments are forthcoming.

YET, for all the confusion caused by de Gaulle's contradictory utterances, it seems that he is now thinking in terms of Franco-Algerian economic cooperation inside Algeria, and of some sort of internationalization of the Sahara resources. Foreign capital would be attracted, companies would be formed in which 51 per cent of the shares would go to the new Algerian state, and the presence of the French would be very "discreet." Tunisia, Morocco, Mali and other "coastal" countries of the Sahara—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well as Western capital—would be roped in.

So, on the one hand, de Gaulle seems to think in rather grandiose "modern" terms about the future of Africa, and of North Africa in particular.

As against this, there are the killers and bomb-throwers of the OAS, who are determined to give neither the Sahara nor Algeria itself to the Algerians. And what support have they in the Army and the police? At present, the French Government is maintaining itself precariously in Algeria, with the Army and the police pretending to be against *both* the FLN terrorists and the OAS terrorists. This uneasy balance might easily be upset if, let us suppose, the urban Moslem masses were provoked into a vast riot—which is precisely what the OAS are trying to do. And what the repercussions in France would be is both easy and hard to tell: all would depend on the scope and violence of the popular reaction against a Fascist *putsch*. As you walk through Paris, or drive through the French countryside, the very idea of a Fascist *putsch* here seems totally unreal. (But people have astoundingly short memories: of a dozen people to whom you mention Challe, perhaps only two remember that he very nearly brought about a *putsch* in France less than six months ago.) The very first pre-condition of such a *putsch* would be the assassination of de Gaulle.

What worries the Left so much is that even after the attempt to assassinate de Gaulle, the police acted against the OAS slowly, discreetly, almost reluctantly; there were few spectacular arrests, and that was all. The impression one had was that the police were unwilling to get too tough with people who, for all they know, might be the bosses of the France of tomorrow.

WHO WILL OWN COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITES?

THE SPACE GIVEAWAY . . *by Dallas W. Smythe*

This is the first of a two-part article by Mr. Smythe, who teaches at the Institute of Communications Research of the University of Illinois. The conclusion will appear next week.

IN OUR communications activities, as in many other areas of our culture, the debate between the forces working for public benefit and those devoted to private privilege has never been resolved. This ambivalence in our "national purpose" is thrown into sharp relief by the development of communications satellites. The issues are not fully and fairly presented to the private citizen by our mass media of communications, long bemused by the slogan-fallout of the public relations campaigns of industry. In government, the debate is waged in terms of power pressures as well as logic and argumentation.

Our frantic race for space since the first sputnik went up has been mostly concerned with technical questions: how soon, how big, how successful. But now we are possessed of a technology which permits us to make practical use of satellites for communications. We are committed by both the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations to emphasizing these peaceful uses of outer space as our counter to the Russians in the cold-war race for prestige from space.

The communications satellites are problematic precisely because they offer an embarrassingly wide array of tantalizing practical — and peaceful — benefits. For example, we face the need to enlarge drastically our transoceanic facilities for telephone and telegraph messages during this decade to care for booming intercontinental traffic. Communications satellites can handle this expanded traffic at much lower costs than conventional ground facilities. (Dr. Lloyd Berkner has been quoted as estimating that the cost of telephoning by communications satellites to any point in the world should not exceed 10 cents!) But there is much more involved than this.

Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff of RCA recently said that, because of communications satellites,

> . . . Ten years hence, it is conceivable that a billion people in virtually every nation on earth will be watching the same program, at the same time and in color, with simultaneous translation techniques making it understandable to all.

Initially there is the objective of transmitting TV programs across the Atlantic. The satellites have such capacity that still other practical applications are now visible. They can be used for the facsimile transmission of mail, newspapers and magazines; business data of all kinds can be transmitted world-wide. All of these practical uses have been suggested by "hard-nosed" businessmen. It is reasonable to conclude, however, that any present appreciation of the ultimate usefulness of the communications satellites is limited. New uses will develop in the future. Conservative estimates by the Bell System indicate that by 1970 the annual revenues earned by a communications-satellite system could easily reach several billion dollars.

DESPITE our frequent announcements that we intend to use space technology for peaceful purposes, the highest priority for communications-satellite development has been for a world-wide system for exclusive military use to provide

> . . . an integrated, secure system of military communication which will operate under any anticipated conditions against any interference, either man-made or natural, and providing three essential types of service — first, communication between any points on the surface of the earth, including the polar regions; second, communication between any point on the earth's surface and aircraft or ships; and third, broadcast service whereby military information

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or orders could be transmitted to all military elements throughout the world. Each of these three services is required to be available on an instantaneous basis.

Several points are notable here: (1) the military specifications are for a comprehensive, world-wide system, with an absolute maximum of reliability — a much higher standard than civilian communications facilities demand; (2) while the traffic in this system will be military, it includes precisely the same *kinds* of services and facilities as would be needed for a civilian system, although the latter could be built to less exacting standards; (3) where the greatest possible speed in attaining an operating system is desired, *it is assumed that the Armed Forces should "own" and operate the orbited system* which is being built under contracts by a number of private corporations, with Bendix Corporation the prime contractor.

The code name for this military-satellite system is ADVENT. ADVENT will use three satellites, approximately evenly spaced around the earth at an elevation of 22,300 miles above the equator. Moving at the same relative speed as the earth rotates, the satellites will remain fixed in relation to positions on the surface of the earth, and thus are "synchronous." They are "active" (i.e., equipped with receiving and transmitting equipment). Because of their fixed position, they can work with simple, fixed, ground antennas; no complex and extensive tracking equipment is necessary. Also because of their fixed position, they provide the flexibility of permitting the interconnection of any two or more points on the globe. (The USSR is also said to be concentrating on developing a system of synchronous satellites capable of world-wide transmission of color TV.) A synchronous system, known as SYNCOM, is also being built under NASA with Hughes Aircraft Corporation as prime contractor, evidently for civilian purposes. Test launchings for both of these systems are expected in 1962.

Active-satellite systems (RELAY for NASA with RCA as prime contractor, and an unnamed system designed, built and launched for the Bell System under a contract with NASA, with direct costs being borne by the Bell System) which will orbit at "low" altitude (between 4,000 and 8,000 miles) are also under development. Because of their low altitude and motion relative to the earth's surface, these satellites can provide only an inflexible and limited coverage of the globe. Between forty and fifty of them would be needed to link, *by pairs*, the major communications centers of the world. It is this non-global system which the Bell System seeks to stake out for civilian communications. As General Telephone has pointed out, if each of ten surface points were to be equipped to communicate directly with the remaining nine by means of low-altitude satellites, it would require more than 400 satellites and at least 180 large moving antennas and associated tracking equipment. While this system would serve the immediate Bell System purpose of enlarging facilities between a few points, it would provide limited service, far removed from a world-wide system. Research-and-development launchings of both low-altitude systems are expected in 1962.

"I agree with you completely!"

The much publicized ECHO satellite now appears to be receiving little encouragement. This is a "passive" (i.e., reflecting, as it has no receiving or transmitting equipment) system, which suffers from all of the disadvantages in coverage and flexibility that relate to the low-altitude active satellites. It has the further disadvantages of requiring (1) extremely sensitive receiving equipment to pick up and amplify the weak signals diffracted from the satellite and high-power transmitters to beam signals to it; and (2) tight discipline on an international scale in the use of the satellite because, having no orbited receiving equipment, it will "accept" any signals beamed to it.

The electronic and communications equipment in space and on the ground for all three types of satellites are within the present state of the art, i.e., the time and effort to perfect the "hardware" are all that stand between us and realization of the advantages of communications satellites as a technical matter. And a long list of major corporations in the aerospace and electronics industries are already involved in one or another of the military and NASA projects. With the technology of communications satellites thus well advanced, we face head-on the issue already stated — whether they will be developed primarily for public benefit or private gain.

TODAY the Federal Communications Commission lends its official prestige to creating the myth that, in the words of Commissioner Craven before a Senate committee, "Telecommunications facilities for public use in this country have *always* been privately owned and financed, subject to Government regulations . . ." (emphasis supplied). This goes even further than the company for which the FCC is running interference; the Bell System characteristically speaks of a "tradition" of private ownership with public regulation. The industry's attempt to rewrite our history is shockingly crude. For until a generation ago, the choice of private or public ownership for our communications facilities was still being hotly debated.

Acting under the unqualified authority conferred by the Constitution (Article 1, Section 8), the Post Office Department nurtured Morse's telegraph invention, paying for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

research and development on it. Unlike all other major countries, we permitted the telegraph to fall into private hands, with the result that it was exploited for private privilege and failed of development here such as occurred elsewhere. By the end of the century, more than seventy bills had been introduced in Congress to authorize public ownership of the telegraph. Nineteen times committees of the House and Senate reported on such bills, seventeen times favorably. Yet never were the bills passed.

Radio repeated the pattern between 1900 and 1920. The Armed Forces, particularly the Navy, developed radio telegraphy and telephony into a comprehensive system and absorbed all existing commercial radio common carriers in 1917. Even the wire-telephone and telegraph companies were taken over in 1918. While this government ownership took place during World War I, it was intended by the Wilson administration to be more than a wartime expedient. Thus, Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, testified on the resolution for seizure that the government "should control and own telegraph, telephone and all means of communication permanently," as also did Postmaster General A. S. Burleson. The Wilson administration, in 1914, had announced a communications policy which called for government ownership and operation of radio, telegraph and telephone. And by the end of World War I, the government in its own right had a patent position in radio sufficient to dominate the field. All of this is conveniently forgotten today by the beneficiaries of private privilege and their agents.

AT THE END of World War I, the private communications industry suffered from a mutually blocking patent stalemate which impeded its further development, as well as from the threat of continued public ownership. By a massive public relations and lobbying program between 1918 and 1920, private industry had its way on ownership. Private ownership of the telephone and telegraph facilities was restored under regulatory and financial terms arranged by the industry. From this time on, the telephone and telegraph companies have firmly supported the concept of their regulation as "public utilities." As the Celler Antitrust Subcommittee has demonstrated, the Bell System, biggest of these companies, has the capacity to use for its own purposes the Federal Communications Commission as well as other government agencies—and did so during the 1950s. The public-utility regulatory procedure in telephone and telegraph has effectively protected the "regulated" companies against public criticism in a neat inversion of the original purpose of the reformers who had initiated public-utility regulation.

Also between 1918 and 1920, the government was forced to give up its position in the provision of radio service, and the communications market was parceled out as part of a national and international arrangement among the Bell System, General Electric, Westinghouse and the British Marconi Company, covering cross-licensing of patents and division of markets along both product and geographical lines. These patent pool agreements, although attacked under antitrust laws, remained the *de facto* basis for dividing the market until, in the 1940s, they lost their force through the expiration of the basic patents. The present scramble for positions in communications satellites thus is a new struggle for markets by giant corporations.

The communications satellites also offer an opportunity to private industry to accomplish by indirection what it has been prevented by Congress from doing directly: merging the international communications activities of the telephone, cable and radio-telegraph and radio-telephone companies. In this little-understood sector of our communications system, the Bell System has enjoyed a monopoly of overseas telephone service, Western Union Telegraph Company and the International Telephone and Telegraph Company have parceled out the undersea telegraph-cable business, and RCA Communications, Inc., and International Telephone and Telegraph have divided the great bulk of the overseas radio-telegraph traffic. These are the principal international common carriers, operating under a policy of competition, of whose interests the FCC is so solicitous in regard to communications satellites. Over the past thirty years, perhaps a dozen attempts have been made by the companies to frame legislation which would permit some kind of permissive or mandatory merger of these cable and radio carriers. But all of these attempts have failed when they confronted the traditional policy of the Congress of insisting that the anti-trust laws and certain sections of the Communications Act express a firm national policy against merger and monopoly in international common-carrier communications.

BEFORE considering the proposals for the organization of communications-satellite systems, what are the organizational implications of the technology? The synchronous satellites, which are obviously the best system, imply a new and unprecedented organization. They have unique functions. They are in no sense extensions of previous methods of conducting communications by ocean cable or conventional radio-telegraphy or radio telephony. As General Electric puts it:

> The communications satellite system would perform a service for the common carriers all over the world; they will be its customers. . . . It will not solicit or receive traffic directly from the public. It will, in a sense, represent an extension of the facilities of not one, but of all carriers. It will be a different kind of business than has heretofore existed — i.e. a common carriers' common carrier for the handling of traffic on a global basis.

While the satellites would have to interconnect with ground stations to transmit traffic, the problems of managing them are different from those of running existing means of communication. There is, therefore, no technical reason why they should be under the same organization as the older means of communication. In fact, the opposite is true: the political, economic and technical characteristics of the satellites require that they be organized and controlled *separately* from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground stations with which they would work.

Whereas the conventional cable and radio facilities may be readily duplicated and competition may exist between them, the satellite system is analogous to a world-wide telephone exchange. It is flexible and multilateral in its traffic capabilities, whereas conventional facilities are fixed and bilateral. It has enormous capacity, and duplication of rival facilities (e.g., by the Russians and ourselves) is as destructive of efficiency and economy as is the operation of rival telephone exchanges in the same city. A high degree of centralization of authority over the switching of channels is necessary, hour-to-hour, for communications satellites to use the scarce radio frequencies on a globally shared basis.

The political and foreign-relations significance of the communications satellites distinguishes them sharply from conventional facilities. There are many profound political implications. Other countries concededly should share in the ownership as well as the use of the satellites: how much, when and how are delicate matters for international relations. The non-commercial significance of the satellites is enormous: broadcasting by television and radio and other non-point-to-point uses gives them an inescapable international and national political importance. They are intimately associated with the international control of the use of the radio spectrum. In this connection, the changing needs of the less-developed countries require sensitive adjustment from time to time in the character of both frequency assignments and facilities provided through the satellites.

THE LEGAL status of objects in outer space is, of course, as yet undefined. But it is clear that private property in such objects, as we have previously known the institution, is impossible.

Whether it be in terms of the relation to space law, radio-frequency use or international negotiations, the communications satellites imply so much about sovereignty (internationally as well as nationally) that new national and international organization is clearly called for in their use. And it is absurd and arrogant to suppose that one country's private enterprise should own an operable communications-satellite system and preside over the international relations which it will require. What is called for is a non-profit public authority to operate the communications satellites as a service to all existing communications agencies—private in the case of the United States, and public in virtually all other countries. Such a public authority might in time be placed under the U.N., as the president of Philco Corporation has proposed. If this mode of organization is adopted, the traditional policy of competition among U.S. common carriers could be continued and private monopoly avoided.

A final organizational implication of satellite technology comes from the fact that the research-and-development work on them has been nurtured by government, not private business. No private company could launch communications satellites at its own expense, if the enormous development costs of the rockets and associated gear were taken into account. While ocean cables can be installed by private companies, communications satellites have to be "installed" by government and the cost of this installation inescapably rests, for the most part, on the taxpayer.

This is the factual backdrop against which the issue of ownership and control of civilian-use satellites is projected.

THE CASE of GEN. WALKER . . *by John J. Lindsay*

> The proper arts of a general are judgment and prudence. — *Annals of Tacitus.*

DURING the taut school-desegregation crisis in Little Rock, Ark., four years ago, Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, commanding troops in the city, told high school students:

> The United States is a nation under law and not under men . . . we are governed by laws properly decided upon by our duly constituted authority. . . . We are all subject to all the laws, whether we approve of them personally or not. . . . There can be no exceptions.

Four years later, in June, 1961, Walker, commanding the 24th Infantry Division in Germany, was officially rebuked by the U.S. Army Commander in Europe for actions that "exceeded the limits of propriety for an officer of the Army."

The rebuke, followed by denial of a higher command to Walker, came after a lieutenant general, on orders from the White House, investigated charges that Walker had sought to indoctrinate his troops with right-wing extremist propaganda of a sort dispensed by the John Birch Society. The investigation validated the charges and revealed that Walker was himself a member of the society.

Specifically, the Army charged Walker with publicly making "derogatory remarks on the leftist influence or affiliation" of former President Truman, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson (now one of President Kennedy's closest advisers on the Berlin crisis), and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. He was found to have made similar remarks to his officers and others concerning Edward R. Murrow, now head of the United States Information Agency; and newscasters Eric Sevareid and Walter Cronkite of CBS.

More important, the report, sub-

JOHN J. LINDSAY, Nieman Fellow at Harvard 1957-58, is a Washington, D.C., reporter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mitted to the White House and the Congress, charged that Walker had violated Army regulations by attempting to influence the outcome of the 1960 Congressional elections. Walker had urged his troops, through an editorial in the Division's newspaper, to base their choice on an index of Congressional voting patterns prepared by the ultra-conservative Americans for Constitutional Action and published by the right-wing magazine, *Human Events*.

When the investigation officer questioned Walker about the use of this index, the General fell back on the military equivalent of the Fifth Amendment, evading a direct reply. Still, he said enough to indicate that, on the basis of the index, he was able to conclude that Sen. Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.) was only a "98 per cent American."

The gulf that separates the prudent General Walker, calmly addressing the school children in Little Rock, and the naive political mind that emerges from the pages of the Army's official transcript of the recent investigation, now poses for the military and their civilian authorities a perplexing and far-reaching problem.

THE HEART of the matter is the recent intrusion of the military into civilian — and partisan — political affairs under the guise of "alerting the nation to the dangers of communism." Quite apart from whether the American people need or desire "education" from the military on the Communist danger, there is the more important question of whether, in the legitimate efforts to protect American fighting men from the blandishments of the enemy, the United States must now endure a Cromwell-like military establishment imbued with the extreme notions of the Birch Society; an establishment fully capable, if history means anything, of turning, in time of crisis, as easily and catastrophically upon its civilian authority as upon the enemy.

The critical nature of the problem was emphasized again only three weeks ago, when the Fourth Army officially participated in a two-day seminar in Austin, Texas, during which right-wing extremists launched a full-scale attack on the policies of the Kennedy Administration. This Army-supported affront to the Commander-in-Chief featured speeches by Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, who criticized the "appeasement" of the Kennedy Administration's China policy; a former FBI man—are there any on the job these days? — who demanded severance of diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union; and a former Republican Congressman who made a bald appeal for the election of Republicans to office.

Clearly, soldiers such as Walker and the officers of the Fourth Army have as much right as the next fellow to their political viewpoints. But to impose their views on the troops entrusted to their care by the American people, or to give public endorsement to organized groups, is quite another.

INTO THIS confused picture last summer strode Sen. J. William Fulbright (D.-Ark.), Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He had been asked by the Administration to provide an analysis of the damage, if any, to American foreign-policy objectives by the official identification of the American military with extreme right-wing doctrines. In the peculiar half-light of reality in which this dogma flourishes, domestic social legislation is a greater enemy to mankind than the guns of the Soviet Union.

Fulbright's reply brought a "Tut, tut, boys. Slow down," directive from civilian authorities in the Pentagon to military leaders, but it brought something more important from Dixiecrat Sen. Strom Thurmond (D.-S.C.), self-appointed "Protector" of the American Way of Life, in the United States Senate.

Thurmond denounced Fulbright for attempts to "muzzle" patriotic military men actively fighting communism. He denounced the mild Fulbright memorandum as "dastardly." Then he launched a series of inflammatory speeches in the Senate, demanded a study not only of the Walker case, but the entire subject of "muzzling" of Pentagon patriots. The Senate has voted to give him what he wants.

It is precisely because of the oversimplifications of men like Thurmond, himself a Reserve Army Major General, that otherwise capable officers like Walker have been tempted to enter the vacuum caused by the confusion of civilian authorities on the subject of the "education" of our men in uniform.

As the very model of a modern Senator-General — an interesting combination, eloquent of the deterioration of the principle of separate branches of the government — Thurmond has had the forum of the United States Senate in which to prove that there is *one* major general who has not been muzzled. He has also taken advantage of the opportunity to lay before the public the views of a large and extreme group of military men who see eye to eye with the "Protector."

To Thurmond, socialism and communism are almost identical because, he believes, they have the same objectives: public ownership of the tools of production and the destruction of the free-enterprise system. "Welfare State" and "social legislation" are synonymous with socialism, *ergo*: anyone who supports federal aid to education or "medicare" is already halfway down the road and a threat to the American Way of Life. Obviously, then, domestic policies that shape the struggle between the two major political parties are fair game for the military men, who see their role as that of the destroyers of communism and the protectors of the American way.

The military establishment quite properly may expose its troops to a wide range of ideas if it chooses to do so, including those of Thurmond or the John Birch Society. (But imagine Thurmond's reaction had General Walker used the research of Americans for Democratic Action as a guide for his troops, instead of Americans for Constitutional Action!) In doing so, however, common sense dictates the observance of fairness and balance of presentation. As *The Washington Post* recently editorialized:

> Indoctrination in the basic values of the nation can play a vital part in military training. But they must not be confused with partisan politics

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or with the inculcation of personal prejudice.

Assigned Congressional responsibility for the study of the Walker case and the charges of Thurmond that military men have been muzzled, is the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, whose chairman is Sen. John Stennis (D.-Miss.), a responsible and, among Capitol Hill reporters, highly respected Senator. In matters affecting civil rights and on other social legislation, Stennis' views may coincide on occasion — publicly, at least — with those of Thurmond. But Stennis also has a clear sense of the subordinate role of the military to its civilian authority.

Already, responsible members of the subcommittee, including Stennis and Senator Stuart Symington (D.-Mo.), along with Senator Richard B. Russell (D.-Ga.), Chairman of the parent Armed Services Committee, have let much of the air out of Thurmond's balloon. What had threatened in Thurmond's hands to become a full-scale witch hunt — and to reporters had the acrid smell of fire and brimstone redolent of the McCarthy era — has gradually, by skillful handling, been placed in its proper setting.

Thus the stage is set not only for a full airing of the Walker case by a responsible Senate subcommittee, but also for helping Defense Secretary Robert McNamara define permissible limits of political indoctrination of troops by military leaders. It could also help establish a guide for the public utterances of the same leaders. Presently, neither exists in consistent form. Responsible members of Congress and officials at the Pentagon believe new guide lines are necessary to avoid repetition of the Walker case or the Army-supported seminars in Austin, Texas.

CONTRARY to the charges of Thurmond, Walker was not admonished and punished for drumming into his men the danger of communism — that, after all, is part of his job — but because his program was clearly absurd, impinged upon domestic politics which, except as an individual, were not his affair, and violated the regulations he was sworn to uphold.

General Walker's case was brought to light earlier this year by the vigorous *Overseas Weekly*, a newspaper circulated in the area of the 24th Division's headquarters in Augsburg, Germany, and elsewhere in Europe. The newspaper and its reporters, notably John Dornberg, had noted the startling similarity between the teachings of the John Birch Society and some information included in the Division's various troop-information programs as well as in the editorial columns of the Division newspaper, *Taro Leaf*.

An exposé of the situation was brought to the attention of high Army officials, and Lieut. Gen. Frederic J. Brown, Commanding General, V Corps, in Germany, was assigned to investigate. After a lengthy study, which included thorough discussions with General Walker — the transcript runs to over 900 pages — Brown concluded that in detail the newspaper charges were "substantially correct."

Brown's report indicated, however, that despite the awkward similarity of the two programs, and the fact that Walker was himself a member of the John Birch Society and had recommended society reading material for his troops, the Division information programs were not based on material provided by the society. As Brown put it in his report:

Herblock: St. Louis Post-Dispatch
"He does seem out of uniform — or something."

That from November, 1959, to October, 1960, General Walker's *personal* program including speeches, speakers, circulation of books and periodicals and recommended reading, was circumstantially, and possibly incidentally, similar to the John Birch Society action program.

As distinguished from Walker's "personal" anti-Communist crusade, wrote Brown, the official Division training program was not based on material of the Birch Society, although some of it crept in. General Brown thought it was "probable" that material included in the official program was used by an assistant to Walker — a master sergeant — without Walker's knowledge or direction. This despite the fact, acknowledged by Brown, that the material came from Walker. But Brown's report substantiates the *Overseas Weekly* allegations that Walker:

¶Made public speeches to members of the Division and their dependents, charging that over 60 per cent of the American public was Communist-influenced, as well as a like percentage of the American press and radio.

¶Personally arranged for a speaking engagement to an open audience of his Division for Edgar C. Bundy, controversial right-wing writer who has charged—and charged again before Walker's audience — that Mrs. Roosevelt belonged to Communist-front organizations and that "large numbers of Protestant ministers were Communists or Communist dupes."

¶Recommended the official circulation among Division units of books such as *The Life of John Birch*, written by Robert Welch, founder of the society, and containing scurrilous attacks on Franklin D. Roosevelt and General George C. Marshall. (A civilian official with the Division told General Brown that the book was "one of the most inflammable pieces of propaganda . . . and it should not be on the shelves of any military library.")

¶Urged circulation of such right-wing publications as *Human Events*, a Welch publication called *American Opinion*, and a pamphlet entitled *A Businessman Looks at Communism*, which the higher Army command has called a "mixture of lies,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half truths and attacks on other branches, organs and officials of our government," Brown reported. The pamphlet was used in troop-information programs for dependents.

In addition to *Human Events*, the Division headquarters fund was also used to subscribe to the *Dan Smoot Report*, by the former editor of *Facts Forum*, the right-wing sheet backed by a Texas oil millionaire. Both publications, Brown reported, "attack Administration policies."

In concluding his report, General Brown described Walker as an "eccentric," but also a "deeply religious patriotic soldier, dedicated to the nation and the Army." Walker is convinced that the "hour is late," Brown reported, and that "drastic and immediate action" on the part of everyone, in and out of the Army, is now needed. The General, according to Brown's report, "sees all aspects of American life in relation to communism — citizenship, politics, relations between states and U.S. Government, social welfare, civil rights, religion and the conduct of a soldier." Walker feels so strongly about this, Brown reported, that he wants peacetime Army regulations to be applied or interpreted so as "not to interfere with the commander's most urgent mission — 'the defeat of communism.'"

General Walker will have — as he should have — an opportunity to express his fears and viewpoints to the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee. The public is entitled to hear this story in full.

WHO WILL BURY WHOM?.. *by Mordecai Roshwald*

EVER SINCE Mr. Khrushchev proclaimed his pious intention of burying the Western society, some people in the West have been feeling uncomfortable about their future gravedigger. True, Mr. K. kindly explained that he did not use his words literally—he did not have in mind a service to the remnants of an atomic war—but metaphorically: it was Communism, as a social system, that was expected to survive, and to bury, Capitalism.

But even this far more civilized and humane expectation did not appease some people of the West. To live under Communism seems to some to be worse than death, and Mr. K.'s piety is considered an even greater menace when expounded symbolically than when understood literally. "Do you want your grandchildren to grow up under Communism?" opens one American broadcast appealing to the listeners for support for Radio Free Europe or some other charitable institution. And the issue is raised so often, on both sides of the iron curtain, that there is no way of escaping the universally trumpeted diagnosis of our times: *Two systems are competing with each other—they are competing for human loyalty, for the admiration and emulation of the uncommitted nations, for universal acceptance. They are in a struggle of life and death, for only one can emerge victorious.* Which one? There, the diagnosis changing into prognosis, the opinions differ: the East claims survival for itself and burial for the West, while the West maintains the opposite.

While the conflict between the East and West thus seems to be clearly defined, there is one point which remains somewhat obscure—who opposes whom, what is the identity of the strugglers? Obviously, "East" and "West" are merely geographical approximations which are far from being accurate: China is East but Japan is West; Poland is East while Turkey is West. Nor is the controversy between "East" and "West" *concerned* with geographical position; for evidently either of the two is ready to encompass in its domain its opposite and become universal, which would make the geographical distinction entirely meaningless.

The identity of the two is usually defined in what seem to be more meaningful terms. We speak about the conflict between Communism and Capitalism, between Dictatorship and Democracy, between nihilism-atheism and Christian civilization. Moreover, we tend to consider these concepts together and think of an inseparable union—a kind of "troika"—of Communism, Dictatorship and atheism, facing another combination—a kind of "trinity"—of Capitalism, Democracy and Christianity.

Yet, even a slight exploration should reveal that the clear-cut opposition implied by these concepts is not so clear cut after all. There is, of course, a difference between the Communist socio-economic organization and the Capitalist one, but it is not what both sides usually claim it to be. Communism is far from establishing social equality and Capitalism is remote from ignoring social problems. One even suspects that the privileged classes in the Soviet Union — administrators, artists, intellectuals—support Communism so fervently because it is not applied to them, while the American proletariat opposes it because it does not want to part with its decent standard of living and the means for further improving it—collective bargaining and striking—which are outlawed in Russia. It is some amount of Socialism which keeps Capitalism alive, and more than a pinch of bourgeois privileges which advances Communism. As to the difference between government-controlled industry and privately managed economy, to most people it hardly matters whether they receive their check from the state or from General Motors: both employers are Olympically remote and equally abstract to the worker. The difference between Communism and Capitalism thus becomes a matter of dispute between specialists in

---

MORDECAI ROSHWALD, author of Level 7, *a novel of the future war, teaches at the University of Minnesota.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economics and sociology, rather than a conflict of opposing societies.

Dictatorship versus Democracy may seem a controversy a little closer to the interests of the common man: periodical choosing between two or more parties is evidently different from periodical support of one party only. Or is it? In the United States most people—a democratic majority—do not care about politics at all, and the rest divide their allegiance between two parties so close to each other in outlook and policy that the difference becomes elusive even to specialists.

Atheism versus Christianity is another inaccuracy, to say the least. Atheism is a clear concept, Christianity is not. Christianity meant something different in the Middle Ages, or during the Reformation, from what it signifies today. Then one was justified, even exhorted, to cut throats for the sake of salvation; today, happily, this is not the case. But *what* Christianity means to the millions of people who consider themselves Christians is not clear at all. For some it is a system of dogmatic beliefs, for others a kind of general piety for things spiritual, for still others a habit of attending church on Sunday. One would suspect that the last category embraces the majority of the declared Christians. If, however, we are so lax in defining a religion, we may detect some religious elements in Communism. The fervent belief in a blissful era, in a sort of millennium, to follow the Revolution, the dogma of historical inevitability (be it in the shape of Dialectical Materialism), the quest for redemption of the oppressed proletariat — all these come close to Christianity, as has often been suggested. In a sense, they come closer to it than regular church attendance.

NOR IS the link which seemingly binds the "troika" on the one hand, and the "trinity" on the other, as fundamental as generally supposed. Communism seems to thrive on Dictatorship, though in Communist theory at least, it should be superseded by the "withering away" of the state, and a new, anarchic freedom. Democracy, theoretically, is not concerned with Capitalism, though in practice it often tries to bridle big business, and Socialism in Britain or Sweden did not turn Democracy into Dictatorship — possibly it made Democracy more democratic. Christianity, at times, was closely allied with Dictatorship, when self-appointed visionaries acted as Almighty's own hussars. Happily, this is not the tendency today and Christianity can live in peace with Democracy. But so can atheism. In fact, some of the agnostics have been among the most enthusiastic, and intelligent, supporters and founders of modern Democracy. John Stuart Mill, to name one, will not have many equals among the Christians as a pillar of Democracy.

THE IDENTITY of the opponents thus remains elusive and we cannot but return to our distinction between "East" and "West." Does this mean that there is no difference between the two? We would say that there is. It may not matter to most of the people, nor to the most influential persons, but it matters to some. The essence of the difference may be illustrated by an example: this analysis may be published in the "West," without the author's fear of being arrested, or even dismissed from his position; did he live in the "East," the most he could do would be to dream heretically—provided he did not talk in his sleep.

And yet, though the author belongs to the insignificant minority of insignificant people who really care about freedom for expressing their fancies, dreams and ideas, he would not enthusiastically proclaim, "We will bury *you*." For it seems to him that the future does not assure the victory of one system or the other. Provided an atomic holocaust is avoided, the two systems will coexist, and develop toward a greater mutual resemblance. Both sides are already in the grip of great technological changes. The race to the moon is only their symbol; the real thing is automation.

Automation will undoubtedly heighten the standard of living in the USSR, as it will in the United States. Whether pseudo-Communism or pseudo-Capitalism are better suited for bringing this result about will become a merely academic question: automation will do its job under any system. With high standards of living in the USSR, a way of life will develop which will resemble very much the style of living in the more prosperous Western societies. People will drive their cars, watch color television and not care a damn about politics. They may face problems of overeating which will be duly solved by dieting and exercise — probably automatic exercise "while-u-sleep." Of course, the beneficial transition will be attributed to Capitalism, Democracy and Christianity in the "West," and to the holy "troika" in the "East," but this will matter to the beneficiaries even less than it does today.

When people are well fed and satisfied, their social, religious and political fervor subsides. Consequently, there is no need to suppress, to control, to oppress. Propaganda — even Communist propaganda — will give place to conditioning: not a sinister conditioning by politicians, as predicted in *Brave New World*, but the unintentional conditioning of affluence. There will be universal freedom and everybody everywhere will be able to express his opinions. But — nobody will listen to those who have opinions, for people will be busy watching a Western, or an Eastern.

"Which system will be buried, then, in this process?" I neither know, nor care.

"But will they, the 'East' and 'West', at least stop quarreling and struggling for the universal acceptance of their respective ways of life? Surely, a unified way of life makes continuing the controversy pointless." Ah, but you forget, dear reader, that a great *new* issue will emerge.

"What is that?" Can't you guess? Well, the problem of which way a soft-boiled egg should be opened — the big end up or the small end? There are mighty arguments on both sides and the issue is as great as any in human history. . . . But whether the big-endians will bury the small-endians or the small-endians the big-endians, I do not know.

Or don't I? Why! I sure do. For I am as zealous a big-endian as ever a soft-boiled-egg-eater was.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sovereign State of Poverty

THE CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ. By Oscar Lewis. Random House. 499 pp. $7.50.

Robert Hatch

AFTER reading the group of violently eventful, emotionally complex, melodramatically dangerous lives that are poured out in the 500 pages of *The Children of Sánchez*, no one is likely to fall back again on the comfortable supposition that the annals of the poor are short and simple. This extraordinary book, probably the finest literary and scientific achievement thus far of the tape recorder, contains the autobiographies to date of the four children of Jesús Sánchez of Mexico City, with a prologue and epilogue by their father. The middle-class reader who participates vicariously in the slum lives of Manuel, Roberto, Consuelo and Marta will soon find himself vicariously exhausted. There is no equivalent in normal middle-class life for the physical and emotional expenditures of energy that are the habitual behavior of the Sánchez clan. Jobs come and go as frequently and as unpredictably as changes in the weather, housing is permanently temporary, family groups shift like the flakes in a kaleidoscope, arguments flare over trifles and words lead almost invariably to blows: Roberto recalls that recently, when he was fighting with Delila, his father's fourth wife, he scrupulously refrained from kneeing her in the belly because of the advanced state of her pregnancy. If I add that Roberto, in the context of his world, is by no means a brutish man, I will perhaps have put across the idea that poverty is a distant, fabulous and little-charted land. Oscar Lewis, a man of grace and patience, comes back with his tapes like Marco Polo from Cathay.

It occurred to me, as I was caught up in the passionate acrobatics that constitute the daily lives of these brothers and sisters, that they were after all Mexicans, i.e., largely Latin by blood and tradition, and that the extrovert fever might be more a matter of national temperament than economic status. But then I recalled that the Welsh miners of Clancy Sigal's *Weekend at Dimlock* lived the same sort of tempestuously opportunistic existence. I am reasonably sure that Harlem, Hamtramck, the slums of Liverpool and Marseilles, Moscow and Mexico City are all counties in the sovereign state of poverty. And I suspect that it is a state where the norms lean appreciably toward madness, even in a world where sanity has become an equivocal term.

It is a commonplace that poverty is a disease, but until I read *The Children of Sánchez*, I had not realized that it is primarily a mental disease. Manuel, Roberto, Consuelo and Marta are intelligent and attractive young men and women; they are blessed with an animal vigor that far exceeds the average; they are all ambitious to improve their situations; they have the support of an indefatigably conscientious father; they live in a fluid society and each of them can point to opportunities that opened. And yet when the book ends not one of them, barring miracles, has a future less than appalling to look forward to. And the oldest of them is thirty-two.

THE four Sánchezes are quite difftrent as to personality. Manuel, the first-born, is a man of immense self-righteousness who rarely notices when his children are unfed and who cannot find work that harmonizes with his image of himself as a prosperous businessman. At the same time, he is possessed of considerable charm, a great raconteur, a gambler who is both successful and well-liked, a good salesman (often of stolen goods). Roberto, small, dark, considering himself hopelessly ugly, is the warm-hearted, generous, courageous thief and brawler of the family. He drinks terribly, he is often in jail, he is peaceable by inclination but finds it necessary to defend his honor in repeated fights; he smiles and carries a knife. Roberto is in love with his half-sister, which is perhaps why his affairs with other women are so transitory that they have not qualified as marriages, even by Sánchez standards.

Consuelo would like to have been a nun, but believes that she is disqualified by reason of her illegitimacy (in the Sánchez family, no one is legally married, except occasionally on the deathbed). Not being able to lead a convent life, she dedicates herself to leading a superior one. She becomes a stenographer; she dresses well and grooms herself so carefully that some of her relatives assume she must be a whore; she preserves her virginity well beyond her teens; she worries compulsively about her family and lectures them savagely. But she rarely holds a job for more than a few weeks, she is always broke, frequently sick and suffers from recurrent nervous collapse. Consuelo is the one member of the family who is perhaps constitutionally not strong enough to stand the racket. Pathetically, she is also the one who comes from time to time nearest to escaping from it. Marta, the baby of the family, is least easy to characterize. She began as a tomboy, and developed, I think, into a slattern. As she says, she gets pregnant very easily and, though she takes little pleasure in sex, she began to have babies early and continues to have them often. She loves her children, she adores her father (all the children respect him), and though she is the only one of the four who has made gestures of suicide, she is probably the least harassed by the disorganization of slum life.

In our society — I mean a society where people usually know who they will be living with next week — these four would be cited as extreme neurotics and would be steered into the hands of an analyst. The data they could produce for him would be almost embarrassingly obvious. Their mother died when Manuel was eight. Prior to that their father had already established a second family, and he soon took a third wife, presenting the children with a stepmother who could have been an older sister. They all lived in one room — at times as many as five families of adults and children lived in this one room, and one of the boys remarks that it embarrassed him to hear his father making love in the night (intercourse by collateral relatives was apparently only a matter of curiosity).

Jesús Sánchez, a man from the country, is quite clearly a better organized human being than his children — his own childhood was much better. Accordingly, he takes full responsibility for every child he sires — by which he means that none of them go without food, clothing and a corner of the floor to sleep upon. But Jesús' life is a race without holidays to find the pesos for his multiple broods. He supplements his job as purchasing clerk in a restaurant by raising exotic birds and fattening pigs; he depends on the lottery for capital; he is constantly scheming to build a little house for this or that wife or child on the outskirts of town. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many ways he is a attractive man. But, though he reprimands his children, beats them, bails them out, bids them make something of themselves, he never kisses a daughter or pats a son. Manuel recalls that one evening when they were all small, his father looked around the supper table and remarked: "Just to see you bastards swallow gives me a pain, yes, just to see you swallow, you filthy sons-of-bitches." One can sympathize, perhaps, with the paternal desperation behind that outburst, but Manuel, so he says, never again sat at table with his father.

NO love, no continuity, no security, no privacy, and the only constant in life the swift blow of an exasperated father — the neuroses of the present Sánchez generation would scarcely puzzle a psychiatrist. And, of course, Manuel and his brothers and sisters are not unique in their community; they do not wreck their lives entirely without outside assistance: their mates, their partners, their boon companions, their bosses and the neighborhood police are as faithless, violent, whimsical and desperate as they are themselves. Nothing ever pans out. Meanwhile, the next generation — the sons and daughters of Manuel and the others — watch with wide child eyes as their fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, scream and beat at one another. They are sent to the taverns to find a father who has forgotten to send home the supper money; they lie awake listening for a mother who is unaccountably absent, they are hustled from house to house as the storm center shifts from one branch of the family to another. It is plain enough that the insanity of poverty is passed on from father to son.

The Children of Sánchez reads beautifully. The individual "lives" — which are printed in order of the ages of the narrators, but broken into three groupings, so that one can follow the parallel stories without too long a stretch of memory — are told vividly, openly, with passionate prejudice and disarming self-revelation. It is perhaps heartless to say, but the lives of the Sánchez family make the most engrossing drama.

It is all so well done that it might give one pause, if Oscar Lewis, an anthropologist at the University of Illinois who has devoted parts of the last twenty years to studying the culture of rural and urban Mexico, did not explain in detail how the text was achieved. In the first place, he became an old and trusted friend of the Sánchez family and the only reliable confidant any of them had ever known. It is obvious that these interviews were a kind of therapy for them, though Lewis makes it clear that he never offered himself, or thought of himself, in that role. In the second place, the tapes are edited. Lewis asked innumerable questions, and these produced voluminous and disjointed answers. In the book, the questions are deleted and the responses arranged in an orderly pattern (Lewis offers the raw tapes for study by anyone who is qualified to use such material).

Beyond that, the Sánchez men and women are intelligent and not "ignorant"; they listen to the radio, they read *Reader's Digest*, they are surprisngly "up" on ideas in the common air. Living on the front line of the economy has not dulled them; it has, on the contrary, sharpened their perceptions and speeded their responses to the point where they seem exhilarated by some stimulating drug. They cannot use their lives, but they assuredly live them. Lewis does not moralize about the lives of his friends, and I shall not moralize at second hand. *The Children of Sánchez* produces a compelling urge to *do* something about it. I hope it may come into the hands of someone possessed of the wisdom to suggest where one might begin.

Poets of the Given Ground

THE NETS. By Paul Blackburn. Trobar Books. $1.

THE DARKNESS SURROUNDS US. By Gil Sorrentino. Jonathan Williams. $1.50.

PREFACE TO A TWENTY VOLUME SUICIDE NOTE. By Le Roi Jones. Totem/Corinth. $1.25.

THE CIRCUS OF THE SUN. By Robert Lax. Journeyman Books. $1.50.

Denise Levertov

IT IS of some importance to define the place of poets like Sorrentino, Jones and Blackburn in the unfolding history of modern poetry. They are not novelties, something shouting NEW! NEW! like breakfast-food boxes. They are among the inheritors of a usable tradition, and have as ground under their feet all that Williams and Pound have given us. In highly varying degrees this can be said of all good modern American poets, including many who would perhaps themselves deny it; but these three have been influenced in double strength, as it were: both from their reading of the older poets and through what Charles Olson and Robert Creeley have made of it (though none of the three actually studied under Olson or Creeley at Black Mountain College). It is interesting to see how their individual talents use this given ground.

Paul Blackburn (born in 1926, the same year as the far more authoritative Creeley) is the oldest of the three. He is known as a translator of Provençal poetry, the only poet of his generation, as far as I know, to have pursued Pound's lead in that direction by scholarly research. His own poetry has been a little slow in arriving at the quality of this new collection, his third. But in *Nets* what is peculiarly *his* use of the modern tradition is clearly and appealingly present. His way is graceful; he steps lightly, at times even playfully. From the experience of translation he has learned a great deal about sound, about pace. All his poems are best read aloud, as they are meant to be. Ever since the early days of the magazine *Origin*, where I first read his work some ten years ago, Blackburn has had his own voice; what he has now developed is a surer sense of structure. He seems, too, to have passed beyond a certain weakness for the anecdote as a prop for the poem. What I have called his playfulness is not coy, nor is it the opposite of seriousness, but rather a particular way of being serious. He is close in spirit to the troubadours he translates.

Come
into this cold room.
The smell of wildflowers is
in every corner.
The mind
is filled with flower smell and sun
even when sun is not.

GIL SORRENTINO and Le Roi Jones have something in common besides the influences I have already cited; born in 1929 and 1934, respectively, they both seem to have had the kind of American childhood in which the old comic strips — *Moon Mullins, Krazy Kat*, etc. — gave to the imagination, for which no other place was provided, a space in which to grow. Jazz, too, has been for them, and remains (one can hear it in the movement of their lines), a taken-for-granted and essential part of the world, an air to breathe when otherwise they would have stifled.

The prose criticism that Sorrentino

DENISE LEVERTOV'S new book of verse, The Jacob's Ladder, *will be published by New Directions in November.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has published in little magazines shows his power of making lucid distinctions. In poetry he still sounds too much like those from whom he has learned, especially Creeley, but what happens to him happens to *him*, indubitably, and he uses Creeley's mode with such virtuosity that one feels he is doing so as a temporary expedient, as a man may borrow another's good saw until he has one as excellent, and yet be cutting wood that is his own. He has moral force, a kind of angry pride as if he had been much hurt but never downed, and a notable intelligence. That these qualities make themselves so felt even though formally he has not yet achieved his own variation on the ground base, seems to me a measure of how much one may expect from him in the future. He has it in him to be one of the best poets of his time.

. . . The Offissa
has turned his head, the cans
wait, the moon shows chinese
white. Across the street and disregarding
all the laws of physics and trajectory,
the disinfectant brick.

Jones has not Sorrentino's clarity, logic and restraint, but in this first book, where the poems are arranged chronologically, one can see even as the chaff flies that the grain is good. His special gift is an emotive music that might have made him predominantly a "lyric poet," but his deeply felt preoccupation with more than personal issues enlarges the scope of his poems beyond what the term is often taken to mean.

. . . Lighter, white man
talk. They shy away. My own
dead souls, my, so called
people. Africa
is a foreign place. You are
as any other sad man here
american.

I feel that sometimes his work is muddled, and that after the event he convinces himself that it had to be that way; in other words, his conception of when a poem is ready to be printed differs from mine. But while he is not the craftsman Sorrentino is, he is developing swiftly and has a rich potential. Certain poems — especially "The Clearing," "The Turncoat," "Notes for a Speech"—show what he can do. They are beautiful poems, and others that are less complete have passages of equal beauty.

Since beauty is one of the least precise words in the language I had better define what I mean by it in this instance: the beauty in Jones's poems is sensuous and incantatory, in contrast to the beauty in Sorrentino's which is a sensation of exactitude, a hitting of nails on the head with a ringing sound. In his contribution to the notes on poetics at the back of the Grove Press anthology, *The New American Poetry*, Jones speaks of Garcia Lorca as one of the poets he has read intensely; and what is incantatory (magical) in his work, while it is natural to him, may well have been first brought to the surface by the discovery of an affinity in the magic of Lorca.

Most of what may seem, to those unfamiliar with it, arbitrary or perverse typographical eccentricity in some of these books is simply an attempt — frequently successful — at a notation that will give precise shades of tempo and inflexion. It is true that there are certain shared mannerisms — for instance, I have never been able to see anything useful in printing *would* as *wd.*; and I confess I am unable to understand the function of the marginal arrow which accompanies one of Blackburn's poems. But the reader who honestly wants to accept from contemporary poetry what it has to offer (which is a great deal) must learn to distinguish between minor irritations such as these and the truly functional techniques which can be fully appreciated only if he takes time to read the poems aloud, or at least to *sound them out* in his head.

ROBERT LAX'S book is something quite apart from the others. For one thing he is a Catholic, and the radiant security of his faith appears in his work as a serenity of tone. Serenity is the last word one would think of in connection with Sorrentino or Jones, and Blackburn's grace and humor are skeptical, rueful. One might feel Lax's book too much ignores the world's anguish, if it were not full of a gentleness, a tenderness, that is not smug. The kinship here is with St. Francis' *Canticle of the Sun*. Then, this is not a collection of entirely separate poems but a unified book of variations on a theme. His circus, whose leading members are the Cristiani family, is both a "real" circus — with acrobats, jugglers and bareback riders, presented in images that reminded me as I read of some of the film images of Ingmar Bergman — and at the same time a symbol for the Church. I think non-Catholics can validly take this word in its widest sense. The empty field is transformed, and in the tent artists and freaks, children and pilgrims and animals are gathered in a communion. Dreamlike and vivid, *The Circus of the Sun* has given me great pleasure.

I am unacquainted with any of Lax's earlier work, and though he is, I believe, older than any of the other poets here reviewed, one does not seem to hear his name when poetry is being discussed. This neglect is undeserved; but it is easy to ignore work of such lucidity because by its very nature it is not controversial; nor can one bracket it with any "movement." From poem to poem there is considerable variation in intensity and density of structure; the loosest, or thinnest, poems, which somewhat recall Prévert, are too slight to stand on their own, though they "work" as parts of the whole. But within the unity of its conception the book allows for a wide range; and at its peak of energy, in a poem beginning "The sunset city . . ." it exemplifies something toward which I feel a passionate interest: a harmonic form as opposed to a linear one. Hopkins' words "inscape" and "instress" come to mind: the *instress* of this poem grows directly out of experience of an *inscape* ("perception of that deeper pattern, order, unity, which gives meaning to external forms"). It is composed — as music may be out of a certain set of tones — from a relatively small number of key words which are used over and over, not in idle repetitions but in a progression of phrases which take resonance and increased meaning from one another, and which, without mounting to a bombastic

A PUERTO RICAN IN NEW YORK
— and Other Sketches
By JESUS COLON
Fifty-five sparkling vignettes which tell how Puerto Ricans really feel, work and live under conditions of oppressive discrimination and exploitation. A wonderful human book, full of pathos, humor and zest for life.
Paperback $2.00 — Cloth $3.00
At Your Local Bookstores
MAINSTREAM PUBLISHERS
832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book.
CARLTON PRESS Dept. N5K
84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crescendo (in fact the poem ends very quietly), have a parallel in the way a musical theme can be taken up by more and more instruments as its variations develop. Organic concord such as this is as different as possible from the dogged, prearranged insistence of prescribed forms like the villanelle. I wish I had space to quote the entire poem, but here is a fragment at least:

. . . The walk like a drum was stretched as though over the
hollow kettle of ground, the hollow darkness under the walk :
resounded as he walked toward the sunset, and the street
glowed like a drum in firelight, like a drumskin glowed the
walk and road as he walked toward the light, walked slowly
toward the light through the fiery clarity of the burning
air now cooled with evening as sun set. Walls of glass
reflected the fire of sun, took fire from it, were kindled
and blazed bright, so as he walked down the drumskin city,
he was walled in fire and walked toward fire, and in the
fire dark caverns were, dark doorways in the walls of fire,
portals in the panes of brass where these men sat on folding
camp chairs while the world went round, bald men
sat on folding camp chairs while the world went
round, their drumskin heads took fire from the sun, kindled
and blazed, were copper drums, brass helmets glowing above
the drumskin walks, each in his dark portal surrounded. . . .

Portrait of Lady Gregory

LADY GREGORY: A Literary Portrait. By Elizabeth Coxhead. Harcourt, Brace & World. 241 pp. $5.95.

Kevin Sullivan

LADY AUGUSTA GREGORY, who was for Bernard Shaw "the greatest living Irishwoman" of her time, is in our time almost forgotten. Even in her own day, her role in the dramatic successes of the Irish literary movement was thought subsidiary to that of her great contemporaries — first Yeats, then Synge and, at the end, O'Casey. She seems to have accepted this role with grace and, more than that, with a will. Certainly there is no trace in her or in her work of that runious Irish envy, the backbiting and biting back, that exasperates, and only sometimes amuses, the student of Anglo-Irish literature. She was without envy because she had — more than any of her contemporaries — a sense of place, an aristocratic virtue little honored in the Ireland of yesterday or today. It was easy, then, for those who held such virtues suspect, as smacking perhaps too much of the prerogatives and pretensions of an obsolescent Ascendancy, to dismiss Lady Gregory's endeavors for what she herself, and after her Yeats, called "the dignity of Ireland" as the work of a literary drudge, a maidservant of letters among masters of the word. Whatever the reasons, ironic or absurd, the sorry fact remains that Lady Gregory *has* been neglected by literary historians and by the critics and that, though scores of books have celebrated her contemporaries, it is only now that she has found in Elizabeth Coxhead a biographer of her own.

And yet Miss Coxhead's book is not, strictly speaking, a biography at all. It is rather, as its subtitle indicates, a "literary portrait" pieced together, Miss Coxhead frankly admits, from odd bits of autobiographical material left behind by Lady Gregory in her prefaces and in the notes to her plays. Such material is less than abundant, but it seems sufficient for the author's purpose, which is simply to correct our perspective on Lady Gregory as an artist, to right the balance between her and her contemporaries, and to restore the lady herself to the place of honor so long denied her.

This is an ambitious and worthy objective, and Miss Coxhead moves toward it with an unerring sense of direction, indeed with a determination that might give a man pause were it not for the grace and deftness, rapid and smooth, with which each movement is executed. One feels at the end that the book is a success, the objective attained; and if one is, like this reviewer, an admirer of Lady Gregory, there may even be hope that new editions of *Cuchulain* and *Gods and Fighting Men* and the plays will begin appearing, or even — though this is much to hope — that the dreariness of our television hours will soon be punctured by some alert producer who has been converted by Miss Coxhead's own enthusiasm for the lively, intimate, chuckling one-act plays of the lady from Coole.

The book is not, however, an unqualified success. Of Lady Gregory's first book, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne*, Miss Coxhead writes: "Her aim is popularisation, not scholarship." This is, as we have seen, precisely Miss Coxhead's aim in writing of Lady Gregory. But the latter's "popularisation" was of so high an order that Yeats could afterward weigh it with Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* "and feel no discontent at the tally." That is because Lady Gregory's work is "created"; it rings true to the spirit of the old Irish tales, if not always faithful to the letter of the manuscripts. But Miss Coxhead's book, even as literary portraiture distinct from biography, is not true in this sense; it is less than faithful to the spirit of Lady Gregory as a person or as a writer, is contrary to that spirit in its insistence — at times perceptive, at times cantankerous — on making its point.

Lady Gregory would, I think, have been the last person to demand recognition for her work at the expense of her co-workers and friends. She was too devoted to the work itself, and to those friends with whom she worked, for the thought to have entered her mind. Yet the suspicion that she was the object

KEVIN SULLIVAN is Assistant Dean of the Graduate Faculties, Columbia University.

COPY PINK SHEETS
FREE!* Write today for your FREE copy. Absolutely no obligation!
DANIEL S. MEAD
Literary Agent
915 Broadway
N.Y.C., Dept. 112
● Lists top-notch writers' markets U. S. A.!
● Cash prizes for writers!
● Offers writing help!

Dare We Be FREE?
By HERBERT APTHEKER
The Meaning of the Attempt to Outlaw the Communist Party
A brilliant analysis of the Supreme Court's 5-to-4 decision upholding registration and membership provisions of the Smith and McCarran Acts. Shows how the masterful dissents of Warren, Black, Douglas and Brennan utterly refute majority's reasoning. A "must" book for thoughtful Americans.
Paperback $1.00 — Cloth $2.50
At Your Local Bookstores
NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS
832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a "campaign of belittlement" on the part of a shadowy "Dublin literary world," is a thought too constantly in the forefront of Miss Coxhead's mind. In this she is particularly severe with poor Willy Yeats, denying him — *pace omnes* — "gifts of observation," and accusing him of "subtle, perhaps unconscious, detractions" of Lady Gregory, going even so far as to claim that "her reputation was harmed by him after her death." To justify her claim Miss Coxhead must minimize the generous tribute Yeats paid to Lady Gregory in the prefaces and notes to his plays, and must find something sinister, certainly something selfish, in his failure to provide after her death an appropriate encomium. The claim of course cannot really be justified, and no amount of supposition, speculation, or conjecture — which here and elsewhere Miss Coxhead tends to substitute for facts — will ever succeed in justifying it.

None the less, Miss Coxhead's book is valuable as a necessary reminder of the part — subsidiary perhaps, but essential — that Lady Gregory played in the Irish literary movement. There is occasionally a preposterous aside, such as: "To the end of her life she always had a certain weakness for a rake"; and, occasionally, a misstatement of fact: "the starting-point for Lady Gregory and for many like her" was not Yeats's *Celtic Twilight* and Hyde's *Love Songs of Connaught*, but — as both Yeats and Lady Gregory acknowledged — the earlier work of Standish James O'Grady (whom Miss Coxhead may have confused with Standish Hayes O'Grady — a very different cut of scholar). But such slips may be overlooked in a work that is, as the author modestly admits, "popularisation not scholarship."

What is important is that after long neglect attention has at last been called to the accomplishments of a remarkable woman, one who by her manifold labors was responsible — more than any single individual — for the success of the Abbey Theatre and the reawakening of an Irish literary conscience. There is more to her than Miss Coxhead lets us see, but we are shown enough to recognize the great Irishwoman whom Bernard Shaw once saw.

AMERICAN LABOR:
WHICH WAY?
By GEORGE MORRIS
An ace labor journalist discusses such bread-and-butter issues as the Meany-Reuther rift, automation, political action, the "corruption in labor" charge, shorter work week, guaranteed annual wage, the Negro worker, and new goals, perspectives and opportunities for labor to advance.
Paperback $1.75 — Cloth $2.50
At Your Local Bookstores
NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS
832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

The Best Way To Get
THE NATION

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14
☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Years, $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months, $4
☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE ____
10-14-61

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

A FEW years ago, a great search was on in this country for social satire, and no examples were to be found. Mr. Eisenhower's conduct of the Presidency defied caricature, and his immunity to acid wit seemed to cast a haze of solemn conformity over a nation previously celebrated for irreverence. Sincerity prevailed. I would not credit Mr. Kennedy with having deliberately invited cocksnookery; nevertheless, moving day at the White House did seem to coincide with a new spirit of mischief in the land. This tendency may be seen in two early arrivals of the Broadway season.

One of these is *Purlie Victorious* (Cort), a farce by Ossie Davis, a young Negro playwright and actor who applies laughter to the classic Southern race melodrama. The ingredients of his play are as hallowed as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*: the field hands are exploited, the white master carries a whip, the virtue of a Negro maiden is toyed with at the great mansion on the hill, the young hero pits his defenseless body against the horrors of sadistic sheriffs, slavering bloodhounds and the entrenched might of white despotism. Only in this case, the white overlord is too doddering to administer an effective beating and clearly represents no threat to a girl's honor; his sheepish son is, at least in spirit, a member of the NAACP; the sheriffs are a pair of butterfingers, the bloodhounds do not materialize and our hero's headlong attack is diverted into an exploit of prudent and virtuous larceny. The exploitation of the field hands remains and becomes the focus of the sly and preposterous plot.

Debunked heroics of this sort can be very funny. Mr. Davis has written his play in a style of hallucinated grandiloquence and himself plays the title role with a self-intoxicated extravagance that lend a fantastic levity to his perfectly sober social point. He is beautifully abetted by Ruby Dee, in the role of a bumpkin beauty; by Godfrey M. Cambridge (late of the related but infinitely more savage *The Blacks*) as a sardonic "last of the Uncle Toms"; and by Sorrell Booke (who last season was the virtuoso star of the three Chekhov comedies off-Broadway) as a spavined survivor from the glorious old Confederacy. Mr. Davis plays reasonably fair with his subjects — he kids the Negroes while he derides the whites; and he manages to smile wryly at Purlie, his alter ego, even at the moment of final victory.

Morally, *Purlie Victorious* is a considerable achievement, and as entertainment it is more often than not a success. But I think it has been overpraised, as men will rhapsodize over good well

Suspension

Slow wash of sea at dockside
Gull cries on the dark waters
A star falls
then another
Gravel patterns the back and elbow

Toward the other side the moon rises
Moon is caught in tree branches, will stay there, rise no higher

— Shall I climb up and get it down?
— No. Leave it alone.

Paul Blackburn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water after a long march in the dust. It is a fine effort, but it is not a great play, and the disposition to thrust greatness upon it may dull its real edge. For one thing, the play talks too much and does not do enough. For another, the characters are not certain whether or not they are supposed to know that they are funny (this may be in part a matter of direction, but the ambiguity is also in the lines). For a third, Mr. Davis is better able to set up his climaxes than he is to bring them off. For all of its gusto, therefore, the play has a disconcerting way of losing power as it rides into its crises. The second act chugs.

I don't mean this as a veto (the "hit-or-bust" phobia has become so virulent among present-day audiences that a critic must hesitate over the mildest "however"). Mr. Davis has exercised his fertile good humor in the cause of a new freedom for the theatre as well as for the Negro. His play should be seen, enjoyed and applauded — if he gets those deserts, he may go on to write a still better play the next time.

FROM THE SECOND CITY (Royale) is an import from Chicago, where it has been enjoying the enthusiasm of the citizens for months. It is, in fact, the parent stock from which springs *The Premise*, an evening of impudence that now seems permanently settled in Greenwich Village. Ignoring the talk about impromptu theatre — which I don't much believe and which in any case seems to me largely irrelevant — both these productions are revivals of a valuable and recently misplaced form, the topical revue.

The nine players, two of them girls, in the *Second City* are young, inordinately agile and flexible, quick of wit and limb, and attractive. They are brilliant mimics, they have good (not great) powers of pantomime, they speak excellently and can sing a song or kick a heel sufficiently well for their purposes. They are never vulgar, their sense of propriety is nice, and their best skits bring the heart-lifting promise that pomposity, hypocrisy, stupidity and the fashions in ideas and taste will no longer lord it over us, unscathed by laughter.

Unfortunately, not all the skits are best skits. Some of them seem written merely to display a talent (for a farcical Chinese accent), or to provide a change of pace (a torch ballad), or to cover an obligatory subject (the cold-war debate). These misfires let you down disconcertingly from the really savage swipe at international wickedness (a scene called "Laos"), or the deflating attack on pretentious musical comedy ("The Hoboken Story"), or the terror of moral solitude ("Phono Pal"), or the snobbism of the Scandinavian cinema cult ("The Bergman Film"). The first half of the program is notably better than the second, which is poor planning; and the Royale is one of the biggest theatres in New York, which is bad management. *From the Second City* should be edited (make the intermission longer, if necessary) and moved into a house that would relate to the intimacy of its style. Then it could run forever, refurbishing itself from time to time from the recurring abominations and predictable idiocies of nations, celebrities and common humanity.

The Buckeye

The buckeye's armed parental shell,
sheltering the polished seed, opens
imperceptibly, letting out, gently,
what will be; loosing, lighting,
desiring the tree of itself — huge,
candelabra-flowered, white, lighted,
green — the inward great gentleness
of its briary husk, mounting.

Wendell Berry

MONROE, NORTH CAROLINA, VICTIMS OF RACIAL INJUSTICE NEED YOUR HELP

Why Do Afro-American Citizens In Monroe Need Your Help?

For many years in Monroe, N.C., Afro-Americans could not walk the streets without fear of attack.

Because the constituted judicial and civil authorities failed to extend equal protection under law to all citizens, Afro-Americans in Monroe, under the dynamic leadership of Robert F. Williams, were obliged to meet force with force in defense of their homes and families.

No longer did the Klan terrorize the community. But the concept of self-defense raised a terrifying maelstrom of hatred from racist elements against Robert F. Williams and the black community in general.

On August 27—following a series of peaceful picket lines conducted by Williams and his followers in front of the segregated swimming pool (during which three attempts were made upon Mr. Williams' life in full view of local and state police who stood and laughed)—the Klan launched a massive armed attack against black citizens with, one must presume, every intention of wiping out that community.

What Does the Monroe Defense Committee Plan to Do?

THE MONROE DEFENSE COMMITTEE has already begun a campaign to tell the story of Monroe to the world. It will bring its message to as broad a national and international audience as possible.

Apart from the educational job the committee intends to perform, there is the extremely urgent situation concerning the four Freedom Fighters locked up in the Monroe, N.C. jail on kidnapping and similar charges. The legal expenses for these valiant people is most assuredly going to be astronomical. Mr. Williams is out of danger, but his friends in jail desperately need financial support.

What Can You Do?

In order for THE MONROE DEFENSE COMMITTEE to be truly effective in accomplishing its desire to aid the people of Monroe, those in jail and those who are still being terrorized by the racists, we must have the active and generous support of all progressive and freedom-loving people.

We urge all interested persons to send their contributions to:

MONROE DEFENSE COMMITTEE 53 WEST 125th STREET NEW YORK 27, NEW YORK

Enclosed please find contribution of $..... I wish to lend my support to the MONROE DEFENSE COMMITTEE and authorize the committee to include my name among the list of sponsors.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

AS THIS column is being written, the members of the New York Philharmonic Symphony are on strike, and the second week's group of four concerts will most likely not take place. Already, one recording date has been canceled, as have all rehearsals. Whether the Philharmonic management or the musicians will triumph cannot be predicted. Details of the situation are somewhat blurred by the fact that the rejection of the management's "last and best offer" came not from Local 802 of the A. F. of M., but from the players themselves, who overrode the views of the union's executive board.

There is a particular irony in this situation. Before the fracas came to a head, the orchestra gave one week of concerts, and a more distinguished set of performances has seldom been heard in this city. If the Philharmonic and its conductor, Leonard Bernstein, are able to make music on the same level of excellence throughout the season—which I assume will continue—the orchestra will have to be recognized as the finest in the world, and its conductor as one of the great musicians of our time.

These are sweeping statements. But there was no doubt in my mind on the Sunday afternoon I heard the orchestra that it was playing with a virtuosity, a perfection of balance and an aesthetic unanimity which lifted it head and shoulders above other orchestras and above its own past. Bernstein's particular concept of orchestral sound, in evidence ever since he took over the Philharmonic, seemed to have been brought to perfection. One could point out that certain of the solo players—the first oboe, for instance, the first horn, or the concertmaster—contributed individual performances of almost unbelievable cleanness and beauty. But these were only details in a larger picture. The elegant, highly integrated sound was the product of a total effort, and more than the sum of its parts.

Interpretively, too, the performances were ravishing. Bernstein seems to have undergone a subtle development which enables him not only to create a lovely, equalized orchestral sound, but to maintain a longer line of melodic and dynamic continuity than one is used to hearing. Again and again, he sustained melodies or crescendi over such long distances that their meanings became greatly intensified. Climaxes grew naturally and compellingly. It was not necessary for him to force the orchestra's sound, or to exaggerate. Things simply developed to their logical and fully realized heights.

THE PROGRAMS which have been announced for this season are unusually interesting. A considerable number of major, but unfamiliar, works are scheduled and the three "Bs," though well represented, are not crowding out everything else. For the first week, Bernstein scheduled the Roussel *Symphony No. 3* (which is never heard), Berlioz' *Cléopâtre,* Copland's *Appalachian Spring* and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé, Suite No. 2.* Since this concert was part of the series entitled "The Gallic Approach," the weighting toward the French repertory was deliberate. Copland's presence on the program was sufficiently logical. His training was French, and his personal aesthetic is an outgrowth of the French tradition.

Roussel's *Symphony No. 3* should be in the repertory of every major orchestra. It is fascinatingly constructed; its melodic materials are of splendid quality; its personality is individual and extremely winning. There is marvelous wit in much of it, even extending to some moments when an undertone of subtle bawdiness makes its appearance. The work embraces an unusual complex of moods. In the second movement, many of the episodes seem oddly mated, and yet fit well together. In the final Allegro, an extraordinarily beautiful violin solo arrives when one would least expect it. In a large part of the first movement, and a portion of the last, there is a resemblance to Prokofieff, both in the melodic lines and in their harmonizations. But whether this is an asset or a liability, I haven't decided.

Berlioz' *Cléopâtre,* which was the composer's unsuccessful entry in the 1829 *Prix de Rome* contest, is a short sequence of recitatives and arias set to a text by P. A. Viellard. Jennie Tourel was the mezzo-soprano soloist on this occasion, and she gave to even those sections of the work which are rather routine word-setting an air of style and intensity. The piece is not first-quality Berlioz, but it was interesting to hear. Its final orchestral section, which describes so unmistakably Cleopatra's death throes, is a fascinating example of music's potential for graphic description. Distinctly chilling.

Copland's *Appalachian Spring* is familar, but I have never heard so perfect a performance of it, nor one which so clearly revealed its strength and importance. It is, of course, a suite derived from a ballet score for Martha Graham. But what one is seldom permitted to realize is that it is also a serious symphonic work. This was Bernstein's line of attack. Instead of breaking the piece into little sections, he emphasized its long lines, its breath and breadth, its deep, sober feeling. He cast it in the suavest possible orchestral sound, and aimed for profoundly poignant moods instead of gentle nostalgia. The result was astonishing. What came forth was a great, durable work of art.

Of *Daphnis et Chloé* I shall say nothing except that it was a stunning performance, virtuosic in the extreme, and literally breathtaking in the Finale. It brought down the house.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946, AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF THE NATION, published weekly except July and August when bi-weekly, at General Post Office, New York, for October 1, 1961.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, George G. Kirstein
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

Editor, Carey McWilliams
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

Managing Editor, Victor H. Bernstein
333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

Business Manager, None.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

THE NATION ASSOCIATES, INC. (No stockholders), 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN, President and Treasurer, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.; CAREY McWILLIAMS, Vice President and Secretary, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceeding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the Act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue) 25,103.

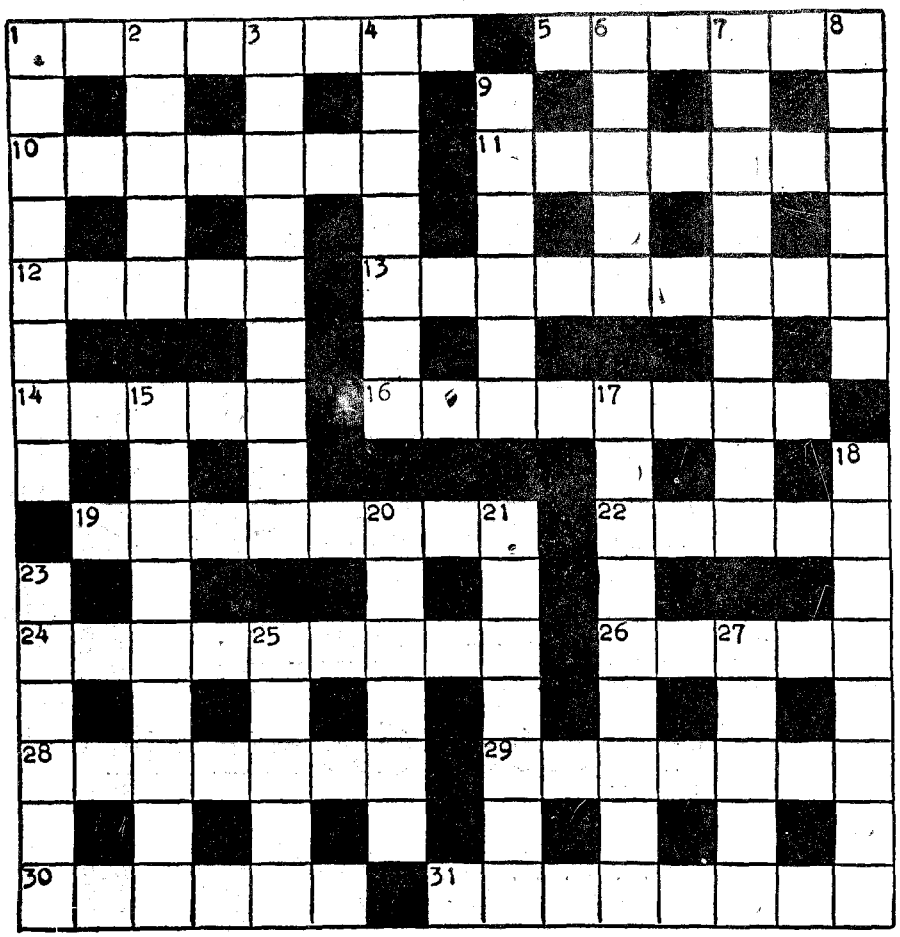
GEORGE G. KIRSTEIN,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1961.
(Seal)
MARION HESS,
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 31-6878225
Qualified in New York County
Commission Expires March 30, 1962.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 933

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One who protects a non-repetitive dance with a politician in Latin America? (8)
5 An African, before the French cultivate such a property? (6)
10 Certainly not a solitary fish. (7)
11 and 20 down Is the long-haired blonde, to a cat? (4, 3, 6)
12 Emigration? (5)
13 Leek, relatively speaking? (9)
14 and 26 Does such activity imply one too many of Rivera's works? (10)
16 A matter of disagreement, for example, in this publication? (8)
19 They undoubtedly involve 12. (8)
22 A secret type might go in for 3. (5)
24 It might be expressed in time, and changed to dueling. (9)
26 See 14 across
28 Coin dispenser, possibly. (7)
29 Descriptive of the horsemen in "The Last Ride Together". (7)
30 The face of military defense capers. (6)
31 Stamps in Brer Rabbit's patch, perhaps. (8)

DOWN:

1 An integral part no human beings name? (8)
2 A public announcement to choose what you might do to the committee report? (5)
3 Is page one a means for getting under-cover reporting done? (9)
4 Worn out by play? (3, 4)
6 Sway. (5)
7 Tightly packed cell. (5, 4)
8 A masculine one is usually shorter in France. (6)
9 That part of the visible sea where there is deep water and no need of a pilot. (6)
15 Such things can separate, and can mix, too. (9)
17 A less likely condition for those not easily shocked. (9)
18 Where people might work to subdivide realties. (8)
20 See 11 across
21 A masterpiece of goulash for a Scottish philosopher. (7)
23 Asleep at the switch? I beg of you! (6)
25 Secret. (5)
27 Erect and level, by the sound of it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 932

ACROSS: 6 Shrub; 11 You; 12 Errand; 15 Lothario; 16, 18, 25 and 1 Signed, sealed and delivered; 20 Garrison; 23 Iris; 24 Spills; 28 Unicorn; 29 Arietta; 30 Edged; 31 Diligence.
DOWN: 1 and 10 Dairy product; 2 Lawsuit; 3 Variegated; 4 Restrain; 5 Depone; 6 and 13 Show bill; 7 Reunion; 8 and 27 Bottled in bond; 14 Digressing; 15 Lassitude; 17 Pall Mall; 19 Abiding; 21 Spartan; 22 Opened; 26 Drape.

PUBLICATIONS

AFRIQUE action

The liberal voice of emerging Africa
Edited in Tunis, in French
Send 25c for your copy
HOWARD PUBLICATIONS
1475 Broadway New York 36

L'EXPRESS

the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your copy. HOWARD PUBLICATIONS, 1475 Broadway, New York 36.

Atheists! Agnostics!

THE SECULARIST
Leading, dynamic monthly magazine for you. Send $1 for 6 mos. trial (or $2 for yr.) to: American Secularist Association, Box 91-N, Newark 1, N. J.

American Soldiers in Siberia
by Col. S. Kindall
251 p. cloth, 1945 Contemporaneous account of A.E.F. INTERVENTION, publication delayed until after retirement. New, in jacket, while they last, $2 delivered.
Old Settler Bookshop, Walpole, N.H.

EDUCATION & INSTRUCTION

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TN, Olympia, Washington.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. THE COVERED WAGON. ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC), 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.

RESORT

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.
Beautiful 8 mile lake. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb Cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator. Special "single" weekends. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.
FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449
FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N.Y.

PERSONALS

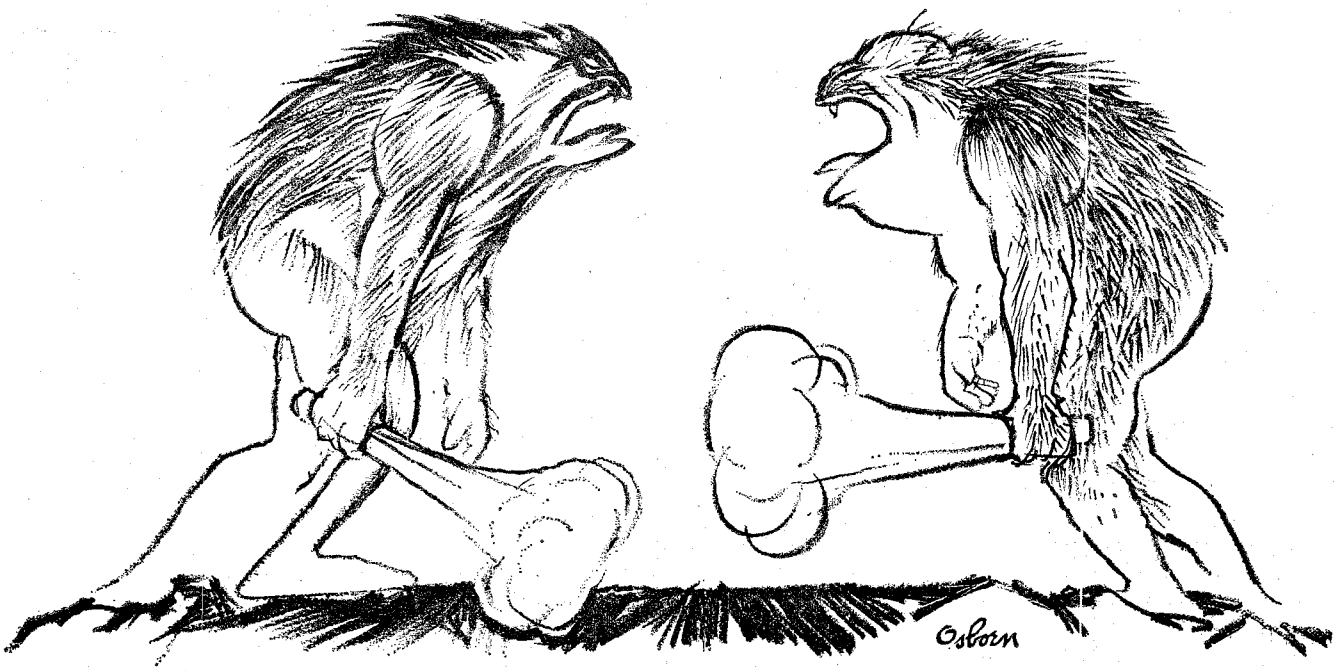
INTELLIGENT WOMAN, mature, would like to discuss the current world scene; also art and literature with readers having similar interest. Address: MISS VANUXEM, P. O. BOX 2242, PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

INDEPENDENT THINKERS — investigate HUMANISM! Write American Humanist Association, Dept. N2, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

ADVERTISE
YOUR WANTS
IN THE NATION

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



May we send you a FREE copy of The New Republic's report on the crisis in

BERLIN

CONTRIBUTORS: *Louis J. Halle* *Terence Prittie* *David Riesman*
Thomas R. Phillips *Morton H. Halperin* *Gerald Freund*
Lennart Hirschfeldt *Sidney Hyman* *Joseph Bishop Jr.* *Robert Osborn*

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244-19th St., N.W. Washington 6, D.C.

Enter my trial subscription for 26 issues at $3 – and include a FREE copy of the special report on the Berlin crisis.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone .....State .....

☐ $3 enclosed

What are our legal rights?
Is access worth fighting for?
What is negotiable?
Is disengagement possible?
What is the balance of forces?
Are troops in Berlin essential?
Can Germany be re-unified?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED